

THE VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

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VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.
BY HENRY A. CUTLER.

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Selected Poetry.

"I AM GOING THERE."

Beyond the crimson sunset,
Far, far beyond the skies,
There is a heavenly country,
Where sunlight never dies;
There is a glorious mansion,
Where all is bright and fair;
Christ has prepared the City,
And I am going there!

Thousands of souls have gathered
Into that heavenly home,
Where sickness never enters,
And sorrow cannot come.
Saints with their joyful praises,
Around the throne repair;
In heaven the angels praise,
And I am going there!

My soul is sad to leave you,
But oftentimes, I come,
I hear the voice of Jesus,
Calling me to my home.
You know I shall be leaving,
For, Oh! there is a heaven,
And I am going there!

Sometimes I see those spirits,
That bright angelic band,
Who dwell with Christ forever
In yonder blessed land.
His name is on their foreheads,
And conquering palms they bear,
And I shall soon be with them,
Yes! I am going there!

From friends who love me fondly,
And call me their delight,
I go to higher pleasures,
A world of heavenly light!
A paradise eternal,
Christ died for us to prepare;
He calls me to my loved ones,
But they will meet me there!

Selected Miscellany.

JESSIE AVERY.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

She had toiled all day, busy as a bee, with her slender fingers, making the needle fly swiftly through the coarse, stout linen of the "Havlocks," and now completely tired threw aside her work and wandered out in the twilight, to cool her hot brow in the fresh air and enjoy the perfume of the sweet briars and roses.

The war had broken out in earnest! Sumter had been evacuated—the streets of Baltimore were red with precious blood—the boy-martyr, Ellisworth, had sealed his devotion to his country with his life, and the call for troops was ringing from every hillside and through every valley. The old flag had been trailed in the dust; its stars blotted out and its stripes fouled, and it must be cleansed from all stain and dishonor in the red tide of battle. There was no other way left! There could not, must not, should not, be a division of the fair land God had given to Freedom and the free, for all time as long as there was strength in the good right arm, and courage in the manly heart!

Jessie Avery had entered heart, body and soul into the matter more than any other girl in the village. Early and late she had been engaged in assisting to make ready the regiment that was to start the next week. It was her hands that had sewed the snowy stars and embroidered the golden and patriotic motto on the silken folds of the flag—"Aut vincere aut mori!" It was she who had most cheered the wives and mothers and sisters of those who were to go, and whispered of safety and speedy return, though God pity and forgive her, she had but little faith in her own words of consolation.

Saturday night had come. The last "Havlock" was finished, and Jessie Avery wandered down by the bank of the little creek, that twined like a serpent around the village, and seated herself in the branching arms of a willow—branching and curved until they formed a natural rustic chair. And there she sat with the first faint moonbeams shimmering down through the leafy canopy above her, upon her soft, wavy, brown hair—sat thinking. Thinking of manhood and youth going forth from their peaceful and happy homes to help make up the bloody sheets that the reaper Death was busy gathering in. Fancy ran riot and pictured the battle field with all its ghastly horrors—the wounded, the dying, the dead; and then, as in the sudden changes of a dream, she saw the mourning ones at home—the deserted hearthstone—the widow and the orphan children. The music of the band broke in upon her solemn reverie. The sound was hateful to her, and with her hands pressed upon her ears she strove to shut it out.

"Jessie," she heard not the word, but a shadow in the path told her that some one was near, and she hastily wiped away her tears, and raised her head from her lap where it had been bowed.

"Jessie," she heard not the word, but a shadow in the path told her that some one was near, and she hastily wiped away her tears, and raised her head from her lap where it had been bowed.

"Mr. Barber," she heard not the word, but a shadow in the path told her that some one was near, and she hastily wiped away her tears, and raised her head from her lap where it had been bowed.

"I have been searching for you."

"For me?"

"Yes, all the villagers are upon the green; the band is playing martial music now, but it will soon change into a softer measure. In fact, we are going

to celebrate our last Saturday night at home with a dance."

"A dance!"

"Certainly—and why not?"

"I should think prayer more fitting such an hour. You are going where death will be busy, and no one can foretell what his fate may be—no human arm can turn the shafts aside."

"What a little Puritan you are! You should have been among those who first set their feet on the 'Blarney stone' of New England, as somebody calls Plymouth Rock."

"And if I had, I should have striven to have done my duty."

"I don't doubt it. You are a perfect little heroine, I know, but that is not the question now. Will you come with me to the green?"

"No, I must be excused. It would but illly agree with my present feelings to mingle in a gay revel."

"Jessie Avery," and his light manner changed, "I had hoped that you would have gone with me, for I have much to say to you."

"To me?"

"Yes. You know that on Monday we leave for Washington."

"And this night you would spend in frivolity?"

"Let us drop that subject, Jessie, we have been playmates together since our earliest childhood. In boy and girlhood we were not separated, and now that man and womanhood has dawned upon us, shall our first parting be in anger?"

"In anger? O, no—no!"

"Jessie, what may be my fate, God only can tell. As a boy you know I loved you, and must the man find hackneyed words to tell how that love has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength? Jessie, should I return in safety, may I not hope that you will be my wife? Will you not pledge me your word—will you not pledge me your word?"

"Edward Barber, I have both dreaded and longed for this hour. I knew that I must come, and yet I shrink from its coming. But now it is pressed upon me, I can but speak the truth, though it may wound your self love and pride, and sadden my own heart. I can never be your wife."

"But the reason?"

"Press me not for it."

"I have a right to know why love is scorned."

"Not scorned. No, not that. The love of the poorest and humblest on earth is far too precious to be thrown idly away."

"And you will not tell me why I am thus rejected?" he demanded almost sternly, and with his lips trembling with the passion he was vainly trying to keep in check.

"It is unmanly in you to ask," she replied, rising and preparing to return home.

"Is it? By heaven! I will know the reason."

"If I had no other, your words would have given me a sufficient one."

"My words? And what did I say that so offended your smug countenance?" he asked with a sneer.

"He who can idly and impudently call upon heaven to witness his almost guilty purposes, can never be the husband of a woman."

"Pshaw! But you will sing a different tune when I come back—who knows but a general! But I am wasting time here. Hark! the band are playing a waltz. Good-by, Jessie. When I come back again, I will go to Sunday school with you and read the Bible, as we used to do when we were children—if I have time! What, you won't give me a parting kiss? Well, I will have an hundred from the prettiest girls on the green. So good-by, and pray for me." And the gay young captain turned away. He had striven to hide his chagrin under a brusque, almost brutal manner, and wildly entered into the sports of the evening to still conscience, and the baffled love that was busy with both heart and brain.

"God be with him and save him, here and hereafter!" was the fervent prayer that winged its way on high from her lips, when his rapid footsteps had long ceased to fall upon her ear, and she gathered her shawl around her and started homeward.

There, at least, she would not be insulted. There she, the only child, would be safe—out of the way of the gay music that was ringing through her brain, in a father and mother's arms. There God was loved and worshipped—"in spirit and in truth," and no impious lips ever took his name in vain.

"Jessie," said the good old lady, looking up from her work as she heard the light step of her daughter when she entered, "Jessie, so you have not been up to the green?"

"No, mother, I have no heart to go there. But how did you know that I had not gone?"

"Walter Elmer was here looking after you, and he said—"

"Walter Elmer!"

When she had talked to the gay young captain in the shadow of the willow, no flush of neck or cheek—no crimson tell-tale blood—no tremble of nerves revealed the secret of the heart; but now she turned away to hide, even from her mother's eyes, the burning brow and quick, throbbing bosom.

"Yes, Walter Elmer, child. He said he had been looking everywhere for you, and—"

"I was dreaming, as usual in my willow chair down by the creek, mother; but," and she hastily changed the subject, in order to "conceal her emotion," but, mother, but by your work for tonight, I will finish it for you on Monday. I shall have plenty of time when the regiment has gone, and a deep sigh escaped her.

"Why, Jess," exclaimed her father, as he laid down his last newspaper; "if

I didn't know that my girl was heart whole, I should think she was sighing for some of them fellows that strut about with shoulder straps like turkey cocks, and know about as much of war, I'll be bound! You ought to have seen our captain in '12, and—"

"I was thinking father," replied Jessie, interrupting him, for she knew by experience what the length of his story would be, when he began fighting his battles over again. "I was thinking of what a dreadful thing war was, and—"

"Jessie," said a young man, dressed in the garb of a common soldier—one in the ranks—as he entered the open door without ceremony, though with a diffident, almost confused manner; "Jessie, I came to ask a favor of you."

"Favor, Walt," broke in the old man, while his daughter sat with downcast eyes and crimson cheeks. "Favor? If she doesn't grant it, it will be the first time she ever refused, for my Jess is just as kind-hearted as she is pretty."

"Father!" was all the girl could reply to this wholesale praise.

"What is it, Walter?" asked the mother, kindly, and to cover the confusion of her child, for her womanly feelings taught her intuition—by the remembrance of her own girlish days, that a new love had sprung up in her daughter's heart, more potent and strong than that she bore to home or parents; a love for which she would forsake father or mother, for which her heart would follow to the battle-field, and for which she would ever be bowed down in prayer.

"I came to ask Jessie to go with me to my mother's for an hour or two. Poor mother, she feels very badly about my going."

"To be sure she does," again interrupted the old man. "To be sure she does. If my Jess was a boy, it would be mighty hard—like tearing out the strings of my heart to let her go. And yet it is a duty, Walt, a duty that we owe both to God and our country. Your father, boy, fought by my side—a brave and a good soldier he was, and—"

"I trust I shall never disgrace his memory, sir."

"To be sure you won't! If Roger Elmer ever had a coward for a son there must have been fraud in the matter. But get your things, Jess, and go along. Walt will see you safe home. And I say, boy, when you are gone, when you are doing your duty for the blessed old stars and stripes, wife and I, as well as Jess, will take your old mother under our wings, and see that she don't want for anything."

"How much I thank you, sir."

"Well, well, go along. Bless my old heart, those war times almost make me young again, though we didn't wear such little gimcrack looking caps in my day, I can tell you."

It was late—near midnight—when Jessie Avery started to return home, accompanied by the gallant young soldier. The moon shed but semi-light through the thick and leafy branches of the trees that overhung their path. In silence they wandered on until they reached the little, cherry-bordered lane that led up to the old homestead of the Averages. They nearly passed through it without a word being spoken when suddenly the voice of her companion fell upon the ear of the girl starting her like a pistol shot:

"Jessie!"

"Walter!"

"Jessie, but a few short hours and I am going away—going to take my place on the battle-field. Do you know why I am going?"

"For your country's honor, and the holy cause of liberty and right," she answered, in a trembling voice.

"Yes, that in itself would have forbid me to stay, but I had and have another incentive fully as strong. Can you not guess it?"

"I—I—no—no."

"It was that I might pluck from the wreath of glory at least one leaf to lay at your feet. Jessie, dear Jessie, not until I had won a name—perchance wealth, did I mean that these words should have been spoken. Not until then did I intend to have told you how deeply, truthfully I love you. But now on the very verge, as it were, of eternity I cannot keep them back. Jessie, darling, should I return safe and sound—God forbid that I, even as I love you, should ask you to fetter yourself to one crippled or maimed—may I not hope to call you by the dearer, holier title—wife?"

The moon hid itself behind a cloud for an instant, and as it again flashed its silver light through the rifts, Jessie Avery escaped from imprisoning arms, and with flushed brow, happy heart and the first kiss of love lingering on her lips, ran into the house and hid her face in her mother's bosom.

"Jessie, my dear child," questioned the good woman who had been waiting for her.

"Mother—I am—his—"

"For life or death! And, mother—"

she had almost added "kiss me," but another's lips had already placed one upon her own that must linger there forever!

The 21st of June—the day written as with swords for pens and blood for ink on the pages of our history—the terrible battle of Bull Run had been fought—won—and lost! The news flashed over the wires through the length and breadth of the North, as if the electric fluid had suddenly been tinged with hues incarnadine! "Who was safe—who wounded—who dead?" was the bitter cry on every lip. O, day of fatal errors, unwavering courage, almost matchless daring! But ye who battled there, living or dead, will never be forgotten, for

—"Young millions will a glorious tribute pay
To your countless, desperate courage on that well-remembered day,
When the earth was crimson ruin, and the sky was rent in twain,
And the cannons poured destruction and the rifles deadly rain;
When legions of noble hearts, as votive offerings given
Upon their country's altar, were accepted 'e'en in heaven;
When human life was trampled out upon the gory path,
And the God that watches battle seemed to turn away in wrath;
Yes, when the snowy dove of peace the olive branch shall bring,
When the sword is turned to ploughshare and the holy art of war
Of earth redeemed from bloodshed, in every land and clime,
Thy name shall be a wonder and a glory for all time."

The company to which Walter Elmer belonged had been foremost and in the thickest of the charge upon a masked battery. Few, except their captain, Edward Barber, had escaped. Though wanting in many of the attributes that go to make up a good man he was no coward. A kind Providence seemed to have held a shield between him and death, for where the shot rattled and the hissed—where the pistol bullets whistled and the Minie balls sang, he was safe and escaped unharmed. But it was not so with the noble-hearted lover of Jessie Avery. Struck down among the first—faint from the loss of blood, and dying with thirst, he had been literally trampled into the bloody ground by those that came after, and by those who retreated in the causeless panic that put an end to the strife. And during a terrible night that followed he lay there! If all of human agony could be condensed into a few brief hours, it was endured then and there by those who had fallen. List ye the story as it falls from the lips of some one you love, who was there, and learn, if ye have never learned before, how much those who have battled for your freedoms and your homes, have endured, to keep them from the foot of the invader and the rule of the oppressor.

The retreat checked—a brief armistice established, Captain Barber gathered the scattered remnants of his company, and returned to the gory field to succor such as might live—to bury those whose spirit lips were answering the roll call in a camp beyond the river that washes the shores both of time and eternity.

Captain, here is Walt Elmer; said one of the little squad of men, as he came suddenly upon him.

"Walter Elmer! I knew he was in the foremost rank. I saw him fighting like a tiger. Go on with your search men, I will attend to him," and the Captain knelt by the side of the almost corpse.

"Water! for God's sake, water!" came in a husky, curling whisper from the lips of the poor soldier.

"Yes, in a moment. The men are bringing some now. Where are you wounded? Let me see, Walt?" and he unbuttoned the uniform to search for the mark of the fatal bullet.

"Don't—don't," and the hands of Walter Elmer were raised tremulously, and folded over his breast as if to forbid further investigation.

"Pshaw! Walt, you are as delicate as a woman. But I am not going to let you die so, and he removed the hands and laid the first breast open.

"We were boys together, you know, Walt, and—my God! what is this?" and from over the feebly beating heart he tore a miniature and gazed upon it as with the eyes of a demon.

"By Heaven!" he continued, after a brief pause, in which all the evil passions of his nature surged and boiled lava-like, "By Heaven! It is Jess Avery! And it was for this poor, nameless, life-faced boy that she spurned my love, and he threw the little miniature at his feet, and ground all semblance of female beauty from it beneath his heavily armed heel.

"Water! O, God! will no one give me water? I am parching, dying," was still the piteous pleading cry wrung by fearful agony from the lips of the wounded man.

"Water? Yes, you shall have water—when it rains! Parch, roast, die, fool! The sooner the better, and Jess Avery shall be mine."

"Water! water!"

But the plea fell upon ears that listened not, and the captain turned away. Red-handed revenge had full possession of his soul, and he had not been sure that death would soon free him of his fortunate rival, it might have been that murder would have prompted his hand to accelerate the end.

"What, Walt Elmer, and dying!" exclaimed a bluff old sergeant, as he nearly stumbled over him. "By thunder! this won't do. His mother's darling, and her only child!"

"Water! water!"

"Yes, boy, yes! Here it is, if the whiskey hasn't got the best of it, but it can't hurt you, anyhow," and he held his flask to his comrade's lips.

"George Tompkins, sergeant, I am dying—"

"No you ain't, and you ain't!"

"Tell mother that I—"

The old soldier, who had seen death in every form, on the wild fields of battle in Mexico, brushed a tear from off his weather-beaten cheek, and cut the sentence short by lifting Elmer as if he had been a child, and bearing him away.

Captain—now Colonel Barber (for he had been promoted) returned to his native village covered with glory—and pride! He had but to open his arms to have any of the girls fall into them.

"Is it—can it be true that Walter Elmer is dead—died on the battle-field?" asked Jessie Avery, the first time they met, flitting at every word.

"Certainly, I saw him myself."

"Then God help his poor, widowed mother, and—"

"And? You were going to add something, Miss Jessie?"

"And—and—take him home to glory." "You seem deeply interested in his fate."

"Yes—yes—I was—was," and she felt fainting at his feet before he could save her.

Edward Barber remained for months in the neighborhood, recruiting his shattered regiment; but it was long before he again put himself in the way of meeting Jessie, who, grown to a shadow, with blanched and etiolated cheeks and form, seemed to be fast becoming too ethereal for earth. She was waiting—only waiting till the shadows had grown a little longer, for the voice of the angel that would summon her to join him she loved, in the land where strife is unknown and the battle drum is never beat. Well the discarded suitor knew that she mourned bitterly, but time he thought would dry her tears, and he could yet gain her consent to a low stool by her mother's side, when the shadows of an autumn evening had gathered thickly around, and the leaves whirled in eddies through the cherry-shaded lane, she was trying to read the blessed words of promise lined upon the pages of holy writ, but could not for her tears. Were not the shadows lying dark and the dead leaves falling thickly upon his lonely grave?

"Father, there is somebody at the door; will you go and see, please?" she said, suddenly starting up.

Every sound was a terror to her now, and her parents petted and humored her every whim, deeming that she would soon pass away from their mortal vision.

"Yes, daughter, yes. It's some of the neighbors' girls, I'll be bound," he said, as the knock was repeated more loudly, and he hobbled to the door.

"Does Mr. Avery live here?" asked the gruff voice of a man, who, as the lights flashed upon him, stood revealed in the dress of a soldier, and with the stripes of a sergeant glittering on his arm.

"Yes, yes; I'm Ralph Avery. What do you want, my good man?"

"Good! Well, I do believe I've done one good deed in my long, useless life. But here is a piece of war timber—a sort of sword without an edge—a battered bullet—a busted cannon, that I've brought you, and he stepped aside and lifted a pallid-faced, trembling form in his arms and carried him into the room.

"Walter! Walter Elmer!" and the arms of Jessie Avery were wound around his neck, and she sobbed hysterically upon his bosom.

Shut the door—draw the curtains close and pin them, that no prying eye may look upon the scene within. None but father, mother and the bluff old sergeant have a right there, save only God's good angels, who are whispering joy to the pure, young heart of Jessie Avery.—*Bathurst's Monthly Magazine.*

HE DIED RICH.

People said this everywhere, when the morning papers announced the death of John Russell, President of the—bank. They said it on Wall street, where they count wealth by hundreds of thousands, and they said it in elegant parlors, and by luxuriant breakfast tables, all over the squares and avenues of the great city! They said it, too, in dark alleys and squalid homes where all his thousands could not buy back to the millionaire one hour of the life that was to them a burden and a misery. Everywhere it was the same story, "He died rich."

His family and his friends thought so when they gathered around the bedside of the dying man; so, too, if you reader, would have thought so; and if you could have looked around that chamber into which death was entering with his footfalls and ghastly presence.

Oh! it was a princely room. Rare pictures flanked the walls that winter day with the glory of Arcadian summer; the fairest blossoms of Southern Mays were piled thick upon the costly carpet; and the daintily embroidered drapery fell in soft, crinkled clouds from the massive bedstead. And the owner of all this magnificence lay there dying; and through all his life of more than three score years he had toiled and struggled for this—to die rich. He had bought lands and sold them; he had sent richly freighted ships to foreign ports; he had owned shares in the railroads, and stocks in banks, and—

Ah! there was an angel who stood at the bedside of John Russell in that dying hour, and the man had nothing out of all his life to give him; no generous, noble, self-sacrificing deeds which would have been pearls and gold, and all precious jewels on the hand of the angel; so he wrote down at the last chapter of John Russell's life—"He died poor."

"He died poor." A very few persons said this of an old man who lay in a back chamber of a dilapidated building, whose solitary window looked out on the back garden of John Russell's residence. The floor was bare, and there were only a few chairs, a table and a low bed in the room. By its side stood an old black woman, whom the dying man had occasionally furnished with an armful of wood or a loaf of bread. She moistened his lips with water, or held the tallow candle close to his dim eyes so he might once more see the lights of the world. He had not a dollar upon the earth; his fortune had taken wings and flown away; his wife and children had gone before him; his friends had deserted or lost sight of him, but the grateful, old black woman whom he had saved from starvation.

But the angel with the book stood there too and looking over the old man's life, he saw how many good and

gentle and generous deeds brightened every year; how he had been kind to the suffering, and forgiven such wrongs as make men friends, and striven through all the trials and temptations of his long, and life, to be true to God and himself.

So the angel wrote under the last chapter of this man's life, and every letter shone like some rare setting of diamonds, "He died rich."

And the old man knew it, when he stood at the silver gates of the Eternal City, and they led him in, and showed him the inheritance to which he was heir.

There was the house not made with hands, with its columns of pearl, and its ceilings of jasper, with its pleasant rooms, and lofty halls and its mighty organs, from which peal forever the notes of praise to our God.

There, too, was the pleasant landscape with its green avenues, its golden pavilions, its trees waving in the joy of eternal leaves, and its silver meadow lands, sloping down to the river of eternal waves. He was heir to all these things, for he had laid up for himself a crown of glory in the kingdom above, where "moth and rust doth not corrupt."

THE ARABIAN HORSE.

In early youth immense pains are lavished upon him, and he is rarely mounted before he is two years and a half old, but his education has been such that he is by that time almost qualified to take care of both himself and his master. When the rider dismounts, and wishes his steed to remain stationary, he has merely to pass the bridle over his head; he has never any reason to ask a man to hold his horse for him. At market, or elsewhere, he leaves him for hours without disquietude, and returns to find him stock-still. This has been taught by a very simple process. The bridle once over his head, and dragging on the ground, a slave is stationed beside him to tread upon it whenever the animal is about to go off, and so to give a disagreeable shock to the bars of the mouth. This is the only thing approaching to harshness in the training of the Arab—although, indeed if the training should fail, there are spurs used such as no European could dream of using. The society for the prevention of cruelty to animals would have little scope for employment in Algeria. Should any children, too young to reason, tease or ill-use the horses tethered in front of the tent, the Arab will cry: "Children beat not the horses. Wretches, it is they who nourish you. Do you wish that Allah should curse you or tent? She does not spare her own husband, if he misses his horse, but the tribe, sergeant have a right there, save only God's good angels, who are whispering joy to the pure, young heart of Jessie Avery.—*Bathurst's Monthly Magazine.*

The Arab horse is watered only once in the twenty-four hours. He is often obliged to content himself with dates instead of barley; these are given to him before they are perfectly ripe, when their stones are soft, and are eaten on stones and all. In the Spring, he is turned out on the pastures; but in the summer if his master can afford it, he gets a little barley. On this scanty fare, a good horse in the desert is expected, if necessary, to accomplish, for five or six successive days, distances of a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty miles; and after a couple of days rest and good feeding he will be quite well enough to repeat the feat. If he shakes himself at any resting-place, or paws the ground with his foot, it is held that there is no occasion to pull up in the journey; and if you would know at the end of a day of excessive fatigue how far you can yet depend upon your horse, get off the back, and pull him strongly by the tail; if he remains unmoved, you may still rely upon him. It is of no very rare occurrence to hear of a horse doing one hundred and eighty miles in twenty-four hours. The requisites which the men of the desert look for him are that he should carry a full-grown man, his arms and a change of clothing, food for both his rider and himself, a flag even on a windy day, and if it be necessary, drag a dead body behind him.

A horse of the Sahara is calculated to live from twenty to twenty-five years, and a mare from twenty-five to thirty; his prime is indicated by the following proverb:

Seven years for my brother,
Seven years for myself,
Seven years for my enemy.

The Arabs prefer mares to horses, but only for three following reasons: 1. The pecuniary profit; for the stories that represent the sons of the desert turning their backs upon proffered treasure, and remounting the beloved steed that they cannot bring themselves to part with, are a little imaginary, and as much as four thousand pounds has been known to have been received for the progeny of a single mare. 2. Because the mare does not neigh like the horse in time of war—a most important matter. 3. Because she is less sensitive to hunger, thirst, and heat, and will feed on the same herbage as the sheep and camels.—*Chambers' Journal.*

UNSEEMLY EXTRAVAGANCE.—The New York Evening Post calls attention to the mad extravagance of the day. We quote:

A man builds a marble stable on the rear of his lot, at the cost of eight thousand dollars, and fits up a private theatre over it. Another pays eight thousand dollars for a pair of horses to drive on the road for his pleasure; and many give from fifteen hundred

to three thousand dollars for the same object. Another provides a dinner for a dozen friends—rejecting the old superstition of the unlucky thirteenth—and this simple dinner costs one thousand dollars.

A children's party is given in an up-town